

LONG VOYAGE IN A LEAKY SHIP;

OR A

FORTY YEARS' CRUISE

ON

THE SEA OF INTEMPERANCE,

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME

OF THE PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF

AN INEBRIATE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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IN
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF THE KINDNESS HE HAS RECEIVED,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
Is Respectfully Dedicated
TO THE
Washington Total Abstinence Society, of Brighton,
BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

[James Gale]
b. 1795

A LONG VOYAGE IN A LEAKY SHIP.

CHAPTER I.

"Would'st thou have woe? then sow thy seed in youth;
For, what thou sowest thou shalt reap, for both."

GENTLE reader, I am now about to commence an account of my peregrinations through a life of much trouble, which, in a great degree, I have brought upon myself, by my own misconduct.—If, in the recital of my history, you shall think you discover but little poetry, you will acknowledge the truth of the declaration I now make, to wit, "I am but a plain, unlettered man, who only speak right on." My desire is not to please by a florid, or even polished style, but merely to make myself understood in the relation of a few simple, ungarnished facts.

I was born in Templeton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, on the 21st of May, 1795. The

CHAPTER III.

"Do what you can, go where you will,
The hideous fiend will follow still!"

IN the spring I returned to Brighton, and engaged myself to Mr. Oliver Livermore, for eight months, at the rate of ten dollars and a half per month. My situation was now comparatively pleasant, and my prospects, I thought, good; and so indeed they were, had it not been for the fearful habits I had contracted of drinking and gambling. These habits, I found, especially that of drinking, had already acquired a fearful momentum, by no means easy to oppose, and which, worse than all, was constantly increasing. This reflection, at times, would dart through my mind, awakening for a moment the most fearful apprehensions, and causing me the most uncomfortable sensations of mind that can be imagined. But in those days there were no Washingtons to take the fallen victim by the hand, and snatch him, as it were, from the scene of his utter ruin — but few influences to win him back to the path of

virtue and peace. The enemy held the ground comparatively without a rival, and as I was already a captive in his power, he found but little difficulty in binding fast the chains he had thrown upon me, especially since I was so willing to submit to bear their weight.

Yet notwithstanding the expense attending the gratification of my appetites, by dint of great management I made out through the season to lay by some ~~small~~ portion of my earnings, and also to provide myself with clothes of which I stood in great need. At the close of fall I returned again to my mother, and attended school through the winter. In the spring, I returned to Brighton, and again engaged myself to Mr. Livermore for twelve dollars and a half per month, as I did also the following spring, spending the intermediate winter with my mother, and attending school. My course during these two summers was much the same as the former one, and a large part of my wages being spent in drinking and dissipation. Through the winter, of course, my habits were not so bad, as temptation was not so strong, and my means and opportunities for yielding to it more circumscribed and contracted.

The next spring again for the fourth time I re-

then resolved I would give myself but little or no uneasiness about the matter.

Perhaps my reader may think that by recounting these various circumstances, I feel disposed to blame individuals as the sole and only causes of my misfortunes and evils. The case is far otherwise. However wrong or improper may have been the course which individuals pursued, there was another, and a more certain cause of all my ill. The fatal cup was at the bottom, and this it was that was working all the mischief.

The poisonous liquid that it contained had infused madness through all my veins. It burned within me with more than a fever's heat—it had mounted to my head, and stolen from my brains—and this it was that not merely caused me foolishly to throw away my money, if I obtained any, but induced me to adopt such means, and pursue such a course as pretty effectually prevented my ever obtaining any. By its influence, incapacitated to secure my own self-interest, I permitted myself to be fooled and duped by my own appetites, and in yielding to their increasingly greedy demands, I voluntarily surrendered all that was favorable in my circumstances, or advantageous in my condition.

CHAPTER V.

"Let logic then deny it, if it can,
The foe of reason is the foe of man;
And what is here is his worst enemy."

SAYS a certain writer, "that which distinguishes man from the brute is his reason, or the power of comprehension, by which he is enabled to understand causes, and infer results." If reason then be that which distinguishes, I may say, constitutes man, it follows that whatever is opposed to the well-being of reason, is opposed to the well-being of man, since the well-being of the one pre-supposes, or rather is identical with the well-being of the other.

Intemperance is the enemy of reason. At times it takes away entirely his power of comprehension, and substitutes in its place a blind recklessness, or a raging insanity. But these are not the only seasons in which the hostility of intemperance to reason is shown. Habits of drunkenness do not reach their maximum in a moment. Years may pass by ere the full extent of their

evil be discovered. Yet by piecemeal they destroy their victim, weakening by gradual, but constant measures the power of reason and judgment, until finally their fearfully destructive work is all accomplished. The reason is robbed of all its power, and dethroned, and the man is almost merged in the brute. It may be thought I here use strong language, yet strong as it may be, I am persuaded it falls far short of expressing the dreadful reality, the fearful position of the facts as illustrated in real life.

But let me not wander too far from myself. To sermonize is not my object, but to state facts. Yet I am unable to prevent such reflections, while I am engaged in reviewing the sad history of my past life. On every page I find inscribed in dreadful characters the fearful evil and sin of dallying with "my reason's foe." At every step I progress, I find myself descending a fearful steep, and oftentimes on the verge of a frightful precipice. That inward light—the light of reason, which God has given me to direct my uncertain steps through this dark world, I have disregarded, and neglected—my waged war with it, and even attempted to put it out. What fearful responsibility for a mortal to assume!

CHAPTER VI.

"Chained, like a galley slave, for life
The drunkard is; nor can his lot
Change, but from worse to worse,
While yet he is a slave."

FEARFUL condition! And has the drunkard then no hope? May he never burst the galling chains by which he is weighed down, and rise triumphant over his oppressive foe? May he never again assert his rights as a man, discharge his duties as a citizen, and free himself from the moral degradation into which he has fallen? It is the only thing he can do, and if he does it not, all is forever lost.

The time has passed by when it was said, "there is no hope for the drunkard." There is a hope, and that such has been and may yet be realized in his rescue and deliverance, has been tested in almost numberless instances. There is hope for the drunkard, and he may, if he will, be free. He may burst the chains of his slavery, and yet become a sober, an honest, and a respect-

ed man. He may throw off entirely the shackles of his appetite, and assert entire freedom from the galling servitude in which he has been bound, but not without vigorous effort.

Entire independence is seldom won by a blow. Long and fearful struggles of years may hardly be sufficient to ensure it. The chains of his slavery may have been forging and fastening upon him slowly and by degrees, for a long space of time, but slowly and by degrees they never can be broken. Appetite indulged in is constantly gaining strength, whether it be indulged much or little, and continued indulgence is sure to confirm habit. The rupture must be sudden and entire, if it would be at all successful. To tamper with the poison in attempting to break up habits of intemperance by degrees is dangerous and hazardous in the extreme, to say nothing of its uselessness and great foolishness.

Such has always been my own experience, oftentimes to my great disquiet and astonishment. I have become somewhat apprehensive of my danger, and resolved I would not drink so much, cherishing the foolish idea that in this way I should destroy, at least weaken my appetite for drink. The trial has been made, and in the

confident expectation that, in this way, I should become a sober man, I have determined to drink less than before. But my desire increased rather than diminished by restraint, and my partial gratification always kept the door open for more entire. The same thing also has been taught me by my observation, and, with the reader's permission, I will illustrate it by an example.

In my early boyhood I became acquainted with a lad a few years older than myself, whose name was George. Similarity of circumstances, and likewise somewhat of disposition, drew us closely together, and for sometime we lived in habits of nearest intimacy. Circumstances, however, changed the situation of us both, and distance separated us. For many years I heard nothing of him, and though I made frequent inquiries, I could gain no knowledge of his situation.

Years rolled by, and I became a man. Circumstances, as I have already informed the reader, carried me to New York. By this time, the remembrance of my early friend was almost effaced from my recollection. Long years had elapsed since I had seen, or heard from him, and my supposition was that he was long since dead.

At all events, I had never expected to see him again, and under this impression I had nearly ceased to remember him. It chanced, however, that while in New York State, I unexpectedly fell in with him under the following circumstances:

It was late one afternoon, as I was travelling from Troy to Saratoga, that I observed the sky began to grow thick with clouds, and there appeared to be immediate prospect of a heavy thunder storm. The dark clouds piled up fearfully, and the wind blew with great fury. The lightning now began to glare, and the low rumbling of the thunder betokened the storm nigh at hand. In a few moments the rain began to fall plentifully, and I looked around to discover some place of shelter. To my great joy I discovered, but a short distance before me, a house, which despite its dilapidated appearance still promised me a kind retreat from the storm. I hastened forward, and gently knocked at the door. A female voice bade me "come in," and I immediately entered.

The scene that presented itself to my eyes beggars my power of description. In one corner of the room lay an individual stretch'd on a

wretched contrivance which served for a bed. Three or four miserably old children were scattered here and there on the floor; and a pale emaciated woman was bending over the sick. I have never beheld a more heart-sickening scene. I saw at once that it was the abode of poverty, I had almost said of intemperance. Such a suspicion, indeed, at once crossed my mind, and I involuntarily exclaimed "this is the work of rum!"

I was dumb for an instant, until aroused by the voice of the woman, who had arisen from the bed, and was handing me a rough stool.

"Will you not be seated, sir?"

There was something so peculiar in the tone with which this was uttered, that it at once recalled me to recollection. I apologized for my intrusion, thanked her, and took my seat. There was something in the appearance of the female which struck me forcibly, and greatly interested me. The appearance of extreme poverty, my own suspicions of the cause, and finally the strange unexpectedness of the scene, greatly moved me.

"You are afflicted with sickness, madam," said I, rising from my seat and going toward the bed.

"Yes, sir," said she; "my husband has now been sick for a long time, but I am in hopes he is now mending."

I stood gazing upon the face of the sick man. The feature seemed to strike me as those of an old acquaintance. Strange and remissive the is of the past flitted through my mind. "Where," thought I, "can I have seen and known that face?" The sick man turned with a slight groan and awoke.

"James!" said he, in a feeble voice, and extended his hand. The voice was hollow, but it told of by-gone days — of my early friend. Yes, it was George — the long-remembered companion of my boyhood. But in his sunken face, and blood-shot eye, I saw but little that characterized his early youth. "Intemperance has been doing its work here, too," thought I, "and George is soon to be added to the number of its ill-fated victims." It seemed as though he read my thoughts, for he quickly added,

"Here you see the effects of rum!"

"Ah!" said I, "this is not as we once met, in the first days of childhood."

"No," sighed he; "and would to God I could recall those happy hours, ere the destroyer

had marked me for his victim. I was happy then," he added, "for I had not learned to love the fatal poison of the intoxicating cup;" and he looked at me with an earnestness that seemed to read my very soul. "And you see," he continued, "I have won the forbidden ground; you too have drunk of the liquid fire."

"Yes," said I; "but never intended to drink too much. I have sometimes been intoxicated, but I do not mean to die a drunkard."

I did not think of the application he would make of my words, and a moment's thought prompted me to add something more, as an explanation, but he prevented me by saying briefly,

"I know, James, I shall die a drunkard, and that my repentance can avail me nothing; but if I were that you too die — a drunkard, he would have said, but a violent fit of coughing prevented him.

When he became calm again, I spoke of past days — of our early friendship, and of those we then knew. His eye would suddenly light with emotion, as I recalled some pleasing remembrance, and again would dim with tears, as it rested on some dark shadow of the past.

"Oh that I could recall the innocence and

joyousness of youth!" he would exclaim, with a voice thick with emotion: "O that I could undo those fearful habits of intemperance which I have contracted: O that I could restore comfort and happiness to the bosom of my wife, and quiet and prosperity, as I once enjoyed it, to my now wretched family—then," added he with peculiar emotion, "I could die in peace. But no—they are gone forever, and I—I sink into a drunkard's grave!"

I was truly affected, and rose from my seat, to walk toward the window. The storm had passed over, and all was beautiful again. I took my hat to go, but he begged me hard to stay and pass the night, if I could put up with their wretched accommodations. He seemed to desire it so earnestly, that I at last consented, and again took my seat. I recounted to him some of my principal adventures since I last saw him, and when I had finished I requested the same of him if his strength would permit.

"My life, thus far," he began, "has been a strange mixture of prosperity and adversity, of happiness and woe. My first early history you are already well acquainted with. The hours we have spent together, James, have been hours of

pleasant remembrance, to which I have loved to revert, as among some of the brighten spots in my history. Others, too, to be sure, have had their charms, it may be more dazzling too, but certainly not more truly pleasant and fair. Then I knew not the anxiety of care, the blighting influence of disappointment and sorrow, and above all, the deformed monster of intemperance had not then crossed my path. This cursed love for the destroyer had not then polluted my soul, and ruined all my hopes. I was then free from the chains of appetite and passion — and would to God I had never known what that slavery is.

"You remember well the time when we were separated. My master removed to Pennsylvania, and I, of course, accompanied. He was a kind master to me, and a good man, and I loved him like a father. Prosperity seemed to attend him, and all was comfortable and happy, until the dark fiend crossed his path. He was now sometimes morose and gloomy, though I do not know that I ever saw him intoxicated. At an unexpected moment he was cut down, and, it may be, was taken away from greater evil to come. The fever seized upon him, and he soon fell its victim.

"A daughter was his only child, who became

the sole heir of all his property. She was about my own age, and for a long time had regarded me with peculiar favor. Some months after the decease of her father she spoke of love. I was astonished, yet delighted, for I had long esteemed and secretly loved her, yet deemed my love a sin. The matter now appeared to me in another light. I loved, was beloved, and was married. Little wonder is it, if, on finding myself so suddenly raised to affluence, I was somewhat dazzled — nay, intoxicated by the transition. I endeavored, however, to bear my good fortune with some moderation, and in the society of my lovely wife I thought my cup of bliss was nearly full. And thus indeed it might have continued, but for the destructive and blighting influence of intemperance. Like a magic charm it stole imperceptibly upon me, and ere I was fully aware, I was strongly encompassed in its snare.

“Time passed, and then there came the first sweet pledge of holy love. The feelings of a father kindled within me, and I resolved I would renounce the bowl, that all might be peace again. I did renounce it partially, not entirely and at once; for I thought that in this way I should more easily overcome the habits I had formed.

Foolish expectation! how often have I been deceived by it!

"By degrees I again relaxed into my former course, and though I was by no means as yet a drunkard, I was fast becoming one. My course, at first, was gradual, afterwards more rapid and evident. Never shall I forget the first ill word I gave my wife in a moment of inebriation. She asked me, in a kind and half-playful manner, for some little favor. I was by no means in a playful mood, and returned a harsh and hasty answer. She was fondling her infant in her arms, and all a mother's tenderness was in her face. She suddenly stopped, gazed upon me with affectionate earnestness, and then burst into tears. I can never forget that moment. Shame, sorrow, and remorse came fearfully upon me.

"I again resolved I would quit the bowl, but my habits had already acquired a fearful strength. My determination was to leave off by degrees, but that determination was my ruin. Instead of weakening, my habits became more and more inveterate, and I continued to lose ground, until alarmed by the change of my affairs. My situation, before so happy, was now becoming trying. My circumstances, once easy and prosperous,

were fast becoming embarrassed, and unfortunate. My business was neglected, and my resources fast failed.

"My wife now expostulated, and I really became myself alarmed. For a while I relinquished the poison almost entirely—Oh that it had been entirely, then should I now have been comfortable and happy. As it was, my business increased, my circumstances bettered, my wife again smiled and my hopes revived. For a time, the threatened evil seemed past, but the seeds of intemperance which I was still nourishing, sprang forth anew, and more rank than ever.

"Let me not weary you with my sad history. For a few years my prospects were alternately bright and dark, promising and discouraging. At times, I would seem partially to recover myself from the fearful bondage in which I was held, and then the heart of my wife would rejoice, and my own recover hope. Then again, I would drink deeper than before, and the dark cloud of ruin would grow blacker than ever. At each relapse my affairs would assume a more fearful posture, and each resolved reform was found more and more difficult.

"The difficulty lay in my manner of relin-

quishing my habits. Had I abandoned them entirely, in time they would have lost their strength, and I should have recovered from their power. But as I continually nourished them by slight indulgence, even when I determined to reform, their power was kept alive, and even constantly increased.

But such a state of things could not long continue. A crisis was approaching, and it soon came. I was obliged to relinquish my home — the home of my wife, and we removed hither. We were not then as you now find us, but the work of ruin was not long in completing. Intemperance has taken all I once possessed, nearly broken the heart of my wife, and ruined my own soul. Would you hope to escape my fate, forswear the bowl entirely, and break all friendship with its poison. To tamper and dally with it — to give it up by degrees has been my fatal, fearful ruin. O beware !”

His strength was here too much exhausted to proceed farther, and was completely overcome. In the morning I bade him adieu, and soon learned that he had departed for “that bourne whence no traveller returns.”

I have often wondered, since freed from the

power of the destroyer, how I could meet with an adventure like this, and remain still in my old course. The voice of my dying friend seems now to ring in my ears—"Would you hope to escape my fate, forswear the bowl entirely, and break all friendship with its fatal charm." Yet it was not so at the time. Moved I was for a while, I acknowledge; affected, it may be deeply, for the moment, but not for any salutary purpose. His warnings, his admonitions were soon forgotten, and all unheeded, and doubly blinded, I may say maddened by the destroyer of all my hopes, I rushed forward to destruction. Such is the effect of intemperance, and herein doth its greatest danger lie. It maddens the mind more sensitive, and the vision clearer, if it were an evil, it would correct itself. But having the opposite effect, "it lures but to destroy."

CHAPTER X.

— "Still deeper into woe,
The hapless victim sinks. Sorrow,
Disease, and death are thick around,
And deep remorse within."—

It would seem that there must be a bottom somewhere and that after an individual has fallen to a certain depth he would find it impossible to fall lower. But this is far from being the case with the hapless victim of rum. He falls, and falls, and unless snatched by some potent and mighty power, he will continue to fall till he sinks into eternal night. The lower he sinks, the fewer obstacles to his fall he encounters, until the way becomes perfectly easy, and his utter fall almost necessary and absolutely certain.

So it was with myself. I found there was no stopping place where I might rest, but at each stage in the descent, the way became easier, and each successive obstacle gave me less trouble than the preceding. My prospects were becom-

ing more and more dark, and all hopes of their brightening again were becoming farther removed. My health, moreover, was fast failing, tho' I continued to work, whenever I could get anything to do. Sometimes a little hope would rise, but it would soon be extinguished, and all be dark again.

In the fall I worked considerably for Mr. Brackett, killing cattle, for so much a head, in company with another man who was as fond of drink as myself. Mr. B. used every means to induce us to leave our cups, but in vain. He bore with us until we had finished killing for barreling, and then we were discharged. I managed to get along until spring when I commenced stone work again. I did some small jobs through the first of the season, and the mean while kept myself pretty steady. I then undertook considerable work for the Messrs. Winships, which occupied me upwards of two months. I hired help all the season, and did considerable work.

In the fall I found I had some money left after paying all my help, and still continued work thro' the winter, mostly at butchering, both in Brighton and other places. I continued to drink freely, but seldom got drunk, and my poor wife real-

ly began to think I might yet reform. But it would seem that I was a great way from it, at this time at least, since I could hardly get along unless I drank a quart a day, but with that I made out tolerably well, working steadily, and being able to provide for the maintenance of my family.

Soon after this, however, I was taken sick with the pleurisy fever, which I think was entirely owing to my long continued habits of intemperance, which were fast increasing upon me, and seemed to threaten ere long my final destruction. I was confined for over a month, and my sickness was pretty severe, which the reader may well believe kept me pretty nigh sober for a month at least. When I got able to work again, the momentary restraint was speedily thrown off, and "old King Alcohol" and myself met again, like old and hearty friends, who have long been separated by distance.

We shook hands right heartily, and if we had lost any friendship by separation, it was all made up, and we were soon as well acquainted as ever. To me, fatal acquaintance! Alas what evil has it brought upon me, into what difficulties thrown me, and how fatally deceived me! "Evil com-

munications corrupt good manners," is an old saying and a true one. And so I believe it has always proved with an acquaintance with the destroyer rum. No one is benefited by it, thousands have been destroyed, every one who has ventured upon it, has been corrupted and depraved.

I soon went to work where my feet were wet nearly all the time, and, the weather being very cold, notwithstanding all the warming assistance I could get from my old friend, the bottle, I nevertheless found this a very uncomfortable situation. I took a severe cold, and the rheumatism, or something else, set in with dreadful force, and I found myself confined to the house for six weeks, being able scarcely to stir. I have never wholly recovered from it, perhaps never shall. I receive it greatly as a reward for my friendship for the fiend, as I do also various other bodily troubles, sicknesses of various kinds, pains in my flesh and limbs, and last of all delirium tremens. They are all the work of rum, the gift of long continued, hard followed intemperance.

In the spring of 1835 I began to work again on small jobs, as I could get them; for my work was very scarce, as but few people were desirous

of employing me if other help could be had.— Nor for this had I any one to blame but myself. I had unfused myself for work, and was really unable to do a day's work in a day. So much for the assistance of my friend, Alcohol. I became exceedingly down-hearted, and but for the kindness of my wife and daughter, I know not what I should have done. They endeavored to sustain my sinking spirits, and though undeserving of their sympathy or kindness, I really found it, at this period, of very important benefit.

I now began to think of getting employment elsewhere, as I could get so little in Brighton, and accordingly started off for some of the neighboring towns, that I might obtain amongst strangers, what I could not where I was known. But I found that it was not my name that people were opposed to, for even amongst those who did not know that, I fared but little better than amongst those who did know it. It was my sign at which they looked, and this I always carried in my face, and at this time, I doubt not, it was a sight so dreadful that every one must have been effectually frightened from ever having any thing to do with me. "Drunkard!" was written on my face, and who would employ a drunkard?

I returned home thoroughly dejected, but resolving to reform. I did so partially, but not entirely, and still cherished as warm an attachment as ever for the fiend. A return to my old habits, therefore, I found exceedingly easy, and with that return I had a severe attack of the rheumatism, which laid me by for some time. By fall, however, I had so far recovered, as to be able to work at butchering, which enabled me to get through the winter in a tolerably comfortable manner.

In 1836, I became somewhat more steady, and continued so through the year, although I still drank, and sometimes to excess. I did several jobs in company with a man named Powers, and might have done very well, had it not been for rum. As it was, however, I made out to get through the summer very well, and through the fall and winter I was engaged in butchering, which enabled me fairly to keep my head above water. The spring following, I did considerable work for Mr. David Coolidge, of Brookline, at building wall. I was engaged for him about three months, and might have worked longer, had I not loved the bottle so well. I then work-

ed for Mr. N. A. Griggs, a while, building wall, and doing other work.

My practice of drinking at this time brought on another attack of the rheumatism, which disabled me for work for a long time. Here was more of the reward of the friendship of the fiend, and as I obstinately refused to barken to the advice of those true friends, who were desirous to induce me to leave off drinking, I was under the necessity of suffering the rewards of my folly. Had I listened to the voice of friendship, instead of the voice of the fiend, how much evil, and pain, and sorrow should I have been saved! But as though under the influence of some invincible charm, I closed my ears to the kind voice of love, shut my eyes upon the dangers of my situation, and blindly rushed forward apparently to destruction.

I continued thus through the fall and winter, doing but little work, and getting along as I could with the assistance of my wife and daughter. Their kindness has at times affected me exceedingly, and then I would resolve to do better, to quiet the voice of conscience which at such times would be awakened within me. But such repentance was generally short-lived, and my re-

solves were seldom persevered in. In 1838, my course was still downwards. I did but little work, for I could now get less than ever to do. My health and spirits too were fast failing me, and I began sometimes to feel that it was all over with me. Without a friend in the wide world, as I sometimes felt myself to be, and but few even who would employ me in any work, my spirits sunk so low that I sometimes even meditated the taking of my life.

This I once attempted, though not while in a moment of insanity caused by rum alone. The circumstances were something like the following: I had been at work in the field without my hat, the weather being warm, and the heat of the sun in the middle of the day excessive. I had drank but very little spirit through the forenoon. There was another man in company with me, and at twelve o'clock, he left the field. I did not see him leave, and when after a while I looked around, I found myself about a mile in a contrary direction from my house, which was about a quarter of a mile from the field.

I was somewhat alarmed, and hastened home as fast as I could. When I arrived at home I attempted to take my life with a pistol, which I

had previously loaded. It was snatched from my hands by a friend, and not long afterwards when I again attempted to take my life by hanging, I was prevented by my daughter. This, as I have said, was not purely the effects of rum; but then rum was in it, and lay at the bottom of it all. It had nearly destroyed my mind, as well as my body, and was fast sinking me in the dark abyss of woe. My moral feelings had become weakened and almost extinct under the palsying influence of intemperance, and the little power that my mind ever possessed was now nearly annihilated and utterly destroyed.

I imagined to myself enemies, where I doubtless never had any, and after all was my own, I had almost said, my only enemy. Had I been a true friend to myself, I never should have allowed my worst foes—the foes to my reason, my prosperity, and my health, to have obtained such complete triumph and victory over me. It was my enmity to myself which caused me to make friendship with that which was really my enemy, and instead of endeavoring to defend myself against his insidious shafts, to surrender myself entirely to his control and direction. And greater evidence of insanity is not needed.

But I must hasten this mournful part of my history to a close. My friends now endeavored to keep the poison from me, but it was like an endeavor to separate long and sworn friends. It was almost a hopeless case. If I could not get the poison myself, I had friends, as I supposed them, who would get it for me. And this they no doubt supposed they did purely from kindness, but, alas, how mistaken were they, and how dreadful was the result. Instead of friendship, it was the opposite, and what they thought was love, was hate. It was the fiend, who had "put the garb of friendship on," in order to make more sure the victory which he must have supposed was already complete.

I was now bloated in a shocking degree, and afflicted with sores of the most painful and loathsome kind. In the fall I drank less, and acted better than I had for some time previous, got employment in a slaughter-house, and made some money, which enabled me to get through the winter very well. In the spring, the temptation was strong upon me to indulge myself more in drink, yet I knew that my employment must fail in that case, and now I had a prospect of considerable work, I was enabled for a while to

resist, and found considerable to do. But the task was too severe — the monster had too strong hold upon me.

Again I returned to my cups with more eagerness, if possible, than ever, and spent nearly all the money I could get in drinking and gambling. I was now almost reduced to my very last penny, when, as fortune would have it, I made what the gamblers call "a rise" of some little amount, a good portion of which I laid out for provision for my family, which enabled us to get through the winter very well. In the spring of 1840 I began to think of going out of town to get work, as I could get but little at home, and consequently set out. In Newton I found some work, which employed me for a while, as well as an individual whom I hired to assist me. — When I had finished it, I returned to Brighton, and engaged for some time, in haying, &c., and then went back to Newton, and engaged in stone work again.

Through the summer, while engaged in haying, I drank pretty freely, which induced fits, greatly to the injury of my nerves, and what little of health and strength I had remaining. I, however, became more sober before I began to


work in Newton, and was enabled to complete my jobs there to the apparent satisfaction of my employers, at the time agreed upon, received my pay, paid off my help, and then had some change remaining. But it did not last me long, as I eagerly renewed my acquaintance with the bottle, which I had never broken off entirely, and for this acquaintance I have always found that I had to pay, as Franklin did for his whistle — "too dear."

CHAPTER XL.

"The clouds grew darker, and the storm
Seemed nigh; but sudden thro' the gloom
There shone the sun of peace. The clouds
Dispersed, and all was joy again."

My money being well nigh gone, I made out to find some employment in the slaughter-house of Mr. Hudson, though not for any length of time, and I soon found myself entirely destitute of work. Now and then I would be able to get a small job, but the money I received for it was barely sufficient to furnish me with "grog," for which it was soon spent. My family, however, were not in a suffering condition, as we had plenty of "pork and potatoes," as well as of wood; so we got through the winter tolerably well, so far as "living" was concerned.

But alas for the peace of my family — the happiness and comfort of my wife! What comfort can the family of a drunkard enjoy? Their protector, he who is bound by the most solemn obligations to love and cherish them, is sacrificing



at the shrine of the demon Intemperance! His affections are all engrossed by one darling object. — his much loved bottle. For aught he would seem to care, his family might suffer — nay, often does suffer, for want of the necessities of life. But even if this is not the case, what can atone for the deep anxiety, and long continued watchings, of a loving yet abused wife? But the reflection is too cutting, too severe.

In the spring I was again attacked severely with the rheumatism, which caused me much suffering, and for a long time disabled me for work. But I got over it so as to be able to do some little jobs, laying stone, &c., for various individuals, which kept me pretty busy until the first of June. I then had an offer of employment made me, on condition that I should drink nothing stronger than beer or cider, but as much of those as I pleased. The offer, as I thought, was an advantageous one, and I resolved to accept it. Accordingly I resolved to leave my rum bottle for three months, or, as one writer has expressed it, "to give up the old devil for his children."

In making this arrangement, it was doubtless supposed that my love for rum would be weaken-

ed, and that these "harmless drinks" would do me no evil, or at least far less evil than rum.— But I have found that this is a poor way to destroy one's love for drink. Indeed that it is an entirely mistaken course, nor can I believe that a pond was ever filled by closing up one outlet and opening several others.

I found moreover that this was a much more expensive course than the one I had formerly pursued. The cider and beer cost me a great deal more than the "New England" I had been drinking, and more than I could well afford. Indeed I could afford nothing. My old drink made me poor, but these made me a great deal poorer. Besides their effects were much more injurious and evil for the time, I perhaps may say, more serious in their final consequences. I was not able to work more than half my time, far less than I could have done under the influence of rum.

I kept my pledge, however, the three months, and right glad was I when the time was out. I returned to my old bottle again with a keener relish and a sharper appetite. But I had not yet quite done with the cider and beer; for when the rum met them, seeming to consider them intru-

dera, who had no right or title to its place, it raised such a 'hullabaloo' at my expense that my now frail carcass was nigh to being torn in pieces. My body was convulsed throughout, and my limbs refused to do their office. So much for the expediency of the cider and beer plan.

I was at this time, I suppose a complete sot. My credit was utterly gone, my health was fast going; my prospects were dark as night, and my name became a hissing and a reproach with all. I was shunned by the virtuous and sober, despised by the toper who was not quite as bad as I. The very boys would scoff at me, and every one turned from me in sorrow or disgust. It was now certain that I was a confirmed drunkard, and every body supposed it was "a gone case" with "old Jim Gale." And so indeed it was but for the interposition of that power which "causeth light to shine out of darkness."

It is said "the darkest hour is just before the day;" and so it has seemed to me, it was with me at this time. Sunk to the lowest degradation, which it would seem was possible this side of the grave, utterly destroyed, as it were, in body and mind, I stood on the brink of destruction. The crazy bark, in which I had so long sailed, had

long been approaching the fearful shore, and now she seemed in the midst of the breakers. Another wave and the fearful surge must swallow me forever. Oh how my very brain reels, as I think of that fearful crisis. Yet just as the last wave comes rolling on, I am snatched from my dangerous position, as it were by an Unseen Power, — and *I am safe!*

Yes, just at this fearful crisis, the Washingtonian ship appears in sight, and perceiving my dangerous position, comes to my rescue. I was induced to sign the pledge of

“Perpetual Hate
To all that can intoxicate.”

The old and leaky ship in which I had sailed so long was now abandoned, and I was received on board the new, the true cold water ship. How glorious my deliverance! How astonishing the change! He who but a short time before was given up for lost, the scoff and the derision of all the thoughtless and unfeeling — he, whose very friends had almost abandoned, and given up as hopeless — old Jim Gale becomes a temperance man! Methinks I can now see the astonishment which works in the countenances of all.

who have ever known me, on first hearing such intelligence.

But notwithstanding the marvellousness, the supposed impossibility of the thing, such is really the case. I have renounced entirely and forever the accursed bowl. I have broken forever all friendship with the fiend. Never again will I listen to the destroyer of my peace, my prosperity, my happiness and my health. "Taste not, touch not, handle not," is now my motto, and with God's help will I follow it while life shall last.

As the reader may well suppose, my friends were exceedingly rejoiced at this unexpected step which I had taken, and already seemed to look upon me as one risen from the dead. But my wife and family — how shall I be able to describe their ecstasy, their joy, their really inexpressible delight? I cannot, will not do it; it exceeds my power of language. If any can imagine the feelings of one, who has long mourned over the utter ruin of the one she loves, whose peace has been destroyed, and her entire life embittered by the desolation of all her hopes — if any one, I say, can imagine the feelings of such a one, when she sees her loved one restored to her em-

peace, her peace again brought back, and her hopes again revived, he may then know in some measure how to sympathize with the joy of my wife and family.

My appearance and health are of course much improved since my reform, though I still suffer the rewards of the fiend. That friendship I have broken forever, but its consequences follow me still. How long they may I know not, or whether I shall ever entirely regain my health; but this I am certain of, that fatal friendship shall never be renewed.

CONCLUSION.

AND now, gentle reader, your patience has at length brought you to the end of my story. Dull, to be sure, and tedious, I may have been in relating it, yet I have endeavored to make a simple statement of facts, the embellishing of which I am under the necessity of leaving to the reader. But my purpose is at length accomplished; the 'thread' of my life thus far is 'span.' For nearly forty years have I sailed in a leaky ship, on a stormy sea, and with some of the dangers to which I have been exposed, and some of the sufferings I have undergone, the reader is now acquainted. Thus far is my object gained.

Yet I cannot close these pages without briefly addressing myself to several classes of individuals. And first, to those who traffic in the destructive poison. You are acquainted with the evils which rum has caused. You know well that it beggars the purse, subverts the reason, destroys the health, and ruins the soul! It wrings tears and groans from orphans and widows

whom it makes. It renders the poor victim of his delusions a curse to himself, to his friends, and to the community at large. It leads to pauperism, vice, and crime. These evils you know to be the result of intemperance; and, knowing this, permit me kindly to ask you, how can you allow yourselves to be instrumental in producing them? Are the lives of your fellow beings of no value? Are the tears of bereaved wives and children of no importance? Is the peace of the community a matter lightly to be trifled with?

If so, go on with your destructive trade. For the sake of some pitiful gain, continue to make individuals drunkards, whole families wretched—and the community burdened. But if the matter be too serious to be thus trifled with—if lives are valuable, and souls are of infinite worth, O! forbear! Give up your dreadful trade, and instead of rendering your fellows wretched, strive to make them comfortable and happy. I would I had the power to strike some chord that should vibrate through your hearts. But I am a plain man, and can use only simple expostulation. O! let the voice of one, who has long suffered under the cursed influence of rum, reach your hearts. Listen to the voice of entreaty, and, if compas-

sion have a place within your breasts, O ! be induced to renounce your traffic in your brother's bane.

To those who have been my fellow sailors in "the leaky ship." I would say, beware ! Your craft is crazy, your sea is stormy, your situation is dangerous. I have told you some of the evils I have experienced, and your own experience declares them not to be exaggerated. O ! consider your danger. Look ahead, for the breakers are just under your bows. A few more waves, and all is lost.

To those who are engaged in the glorious work of the reform, let me say, go on, and God will bless you. The widow's heart has sung for joy, as she has seen her long lost son again restored. O ! let not temperance men falter, or lose their interest in the work. It is a noble, and a glorious one. There is everything to encourage them, everything to reward them. Let me say again, go on, and God will bless you ; and many a weather beaten wanderer will exclaim, as he recounts the story of his "long voyage in the leaky ship," thank God for Washingtonians !